

Prologue.

By Mr. Otway to his Play call'd *Venice preserv'd*, or the *Plot*
discover'd. Acted at his Royal Highness the Duke of
 TORK'S THEATER, the 9th of February, 1681.

IN these Unsettled Times, when each Man dreads,
 The Bloody Stratagems of Buisy Heads ;
 When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
 Till Witnesses began to dye oth' Rot's, *et cetera*,
 What makes our Poet meddle with a Plot ?
 Was't that he fancy'd for the very sake,
 And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take ?
 For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
 But 'tis he says, to Reason plain, and Sence ;
 And that he thinks a plentiful Defence.
 Were Truth and Sence by Reason to be Try'd,
 Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside.
 No, of such Tools our Author has no need ;
 To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed.
 He of Black-Bills has no prodigious Tales,
 Or Spanish-Pilgrims throw'n a Shofe in Wales.
 Here's not one Murder'd-Magistrate at least,
 Kept Rank like Venison, for a City-Feast ;
 Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare,
 And fit his pliant Ribs, to Ride in Chair.
 He has no Truths of such a Monstrous Stature,
 And some believe there are none such in Nature.
 But here's an Army rais'd, tho' under Ground,
 Yet no Man seen, nor one Commission found !
 Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
 Turbulent, Subtle, Mischievous and bold ;
 Bloody, Revengful, and to Crown his Part,
 Loves Fumbling with a Wench, with all his heart.
 And after having many Changes past,
 Thanks Heav'n, for all his Age, he's hang'd at last.
 Next, there's a Senator that keeps a Whore so2 *et cetera*,
 In Venice none a greater Office bore.
 To Lewdness every night, the Lecher ran,
 Show me all London, such another Man ;
 Match him at Mother-Creswells if you can.
 Oh Poland ! Poland ! had it been thy Lot,
 T' have heard in time of this Venetian-Plot,
 Thou surely chosen hadst, one King from thence,
 And honour'd them, as thou hast England since.

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Epilogue



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The Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's done, pray give your Approbation.
Tho the Conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there.

And there's a certain Faction feign would sway,
If they had strength enough and daim this Play;
But this the Author bad into boldly say,
If any take his planness in ill part,
He's glad on't, from the bottom of his heart,
Poets in honour of the Truth should write,
With the same Courage, brave Men for it Fight,
And tho against, him cabbles hatred rise,
And daily where he goes, of late he spies
The Scoules of fullen and Revengeful Eyes:
'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
And serves a Cause too good to let him fear.
He fears no Poison from an incens'd Drak,
No Ruffians Five-foot-Snowd, nor Raskal's Stabb;
Nor any other Shakes of Mischief laid,
Not a Rose-Ally, Collie, Ambuscade,
From any private Cause, where Malice Reigns;
A general sign all Blorthheads have no Brains.
Nothing doth Damn his Pen, when Truth doth call,
No not the Picture-Mangle of Guild-Hall,
The Rebel-Tribe, of which, that Vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their Courie begun,
And whil'st that Princes Figure they deface,
As they before had Massacred his Fame;
Durst their base Fecals, but look him in the Face,
They'd use his Person, as th' have us'd his Fame,
A Face in which, such Lineaments they dread,
Of that great Martyrs, whose rich Blood they shed,
That their Rebellions Hate they still retain,
And in his Son won'd Murder him again,
With Indignation then, let each brave Heart,
Rouze and unite, to take his injur'd part,
Till Royal Love and Goodnes call him home,
And Songs of Triumph cheer him as he come,
Till Heav'n his Honour, and our Peace Restore,
And Villains never wraig his Virtue wot,

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